

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.
JAMES GORDON BENNETT,
PROPRIETOR.

All business or news letter and telegraphic
despatches must be addressed New York
HERALD.

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AMUSEMENTS THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

- OLYMPIC THEATRE, Broadway.—THE PANTOMIME OF
WES WILKIE WINKIE. Matinee at 2.
- WOODS' MUSEUM, Broadway, corner 25th st.—Perform-
ances every afternoon and evening.
- FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, Twenty-fourth street.—
SARATOGA. Matinee at 2.
- CLARE THEATRE, 25 Broadway.—VARIETY ENTERTAIN-
MENT. Matinee at 2.
- BOWERY THEATRE, Bowery.—SECK AND NECK.—
THE VILLAGE. Matinee at 2.
- BOOTH'S THEATRE, 231 st., between 11th and 12th av.—
THE VAN WINKLE. Matinee at 1.
- NIBLO'S GARDEN, Broadway.—THE SPECTACLE OF
THE BLACK GROOM. Matinee at 1.
- WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and 12th street.—
COQUETTES.
- LINA EDWIN'S THEATRE, 720 Broadway.—LITTLE
JACK SHEPHERD. Matinee at 2.
- GRAND OPERA HOUSE, corner of 25th av. and 23d st.—
HARRY BLUFF. Matinee at 2.
- MRS. F. R. CONWAY'S PACE THEATRE, Brooklyn.—
THE EMERALD RING. Matinee.
- BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—OPERA ROUTE.—
LES BRIGANDES. Matinee at 2.
- TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE, 391 Bowery.—VARI-
ETY ENTERTAINMENT. Matinee at 2.
- THEATRE COMIQUE, 54 Broadway.—COMIC VOYAGE.
NIBLO'S GARDEN. Matinee at 1.
- GRAND OPERA HOUSE, 231 st., between 11th and 12th av.—
HARRY BLUFF. Matinee at 2.
- ASSOCIATION HALL, 234 street and 4th av.—Afternoon
1—GRAND CONCERT.
- APOLLO HALL, corner 25th street and Broadway.—
THE CONQUEST OF ENGLAND.
- MOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, Brooklyn.—NIBLO'S GARDEN.
BROOKLYN. Matinee at 2.
- BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—OPERA ROUTE.—
LES BRIGANDES. Matinee at 2.
- NEW YORK GYMNASIUM, Fourteenth street.—BOXING
IN THE RING. Matinee at 2.
- DR. KAHN'S ANATOMICAL MUSEUM, 745 Broadway.—
SCIENCE AND ART.

TRIPLE SHEET.

New York, Saturday, December 24, 1870.

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WHICH WOULD BE MOST PROPER, to advise
Senator Sumner to "hide his diminished head"
or to hide his St. Domingued head?

THE REASON WHY the new Commissioner of
Internal Revenue gives so much satisfaction is
because he is such a "Pleasant 'un. This is
no conundrum.

THE REPUBLICAN SPLIT has reached Loui-
siana, where the vengeance of the Legislature
is threatened against Senators Kellogg and
Harris merely for favoring the rejection of one
Blanchard as the New Orleans Postmaster.

WENDELL PHILLIPS says the President gives
another proof of his sagacity and good intentions
by pronouncing against general am-
nesty. Time was when Phillips was not
wont to compliment General Grant.

THE WOMAN'S PEACE CONVENTION was held
at the Union League Lecture Room yesterday
to set forth the views of women on the French
war. It was not so stormy or contentious as
the name would seem to indicate—but, then,
the attendance was very slim.

SENATOR SUMNER stoutly maintains his
position on the St. Domingo question, and
seems likely to maintain it on the Committee
of Foreign Relations. It is stated that Chan-
der and Conkling are the chief promoters of a
movement to oust him from the chairmanship
of that committee, a position he has held for
six years.

GOVERNOR HOLMES, of North Carolina, who
has surrendered his office to the Lieutenant
Governor, pending his impeachment, is now
reparing his answer to the charges against
him, having been granted thirty days for the
purpose by the Senate. In an interview with
a correspondent recently he declared that
the movement against him, if not a party
measure, looked very much like one, but that
he did not doubt the final triumph of the
public party in his State at the next elec-
tion.

FRED DOUGLASS is spoken of as one of the
commissioners to St. Domingo. We have
several colored men among our Ministers and
ambassadors in that neighborhood already, and if
we send Douglass probably the people there
will think we are all as black as themselves,
and that Babcock, Dent and the other white
saviors whom we sent them recently are really
enemies of our new freedmen.

The War in France and the Prospects of the Republic.

It would indeed be one of the wonders of the century if, after the armies of imperial France were vanquished, the forces of the republic should prove victorious. Though the present affords but little from which we can at this moment look forward to the future and see in the distance a promising prospect for the French cause, yet in that little there is something left to expect. There are those who saw in the defeats of the Union armies at the commencement of our late civil war a divided country and a ruined republic. Even monarchs and statesmen and men of profound learning looked upon the Southern rebellion as the means by which the dissolution of the United States was to be accomplished. In Washington, if the aims of the Southern leaders were understood, it is quite plain that the means by which they were to be compassed were not properly estimated. This may also prove to be the case in France at the present stage of the war.

According to the avowal of King William himself he entered upon this war, which is now desolating a portion of France and bringing grief and misery to many a German household, against Napoleon, and not with a view to inflict injury upon the French people. Sedan gave him the man he sought to punish, and Metz surrendered to him the last of the armies of the empire. Up to this stage the King kept his word, and the valor of his well-disciplined armies, directed by that skill which was lacking on the side of the French, won for him the victories he desired. Here he might have rested. This was the time to make peace if peace then was his desire. But no. Paris must be taken, and the capture of the capital was intended to serve as the grand climax of one of the most extraordinary campaigns in the world's history.

France, however, had not fallen with the empire. Though her Emperor was a captive, her Regent and the heir apparent fugitives in a foreign land, and her generals and the armies they commanded prisoners in the hands of the conqueror, a new life seemed to have been imparted to the country with the proclamation of the republic. The legions of Germany, instead of finding in their opponents the soldiers of whose achievements they had heard and experienced so much, found republican France arrayed against them. The contest had resolved itself into a struggle for liberty on one side and conquest on the other. The capture of Paris was believed to be a task easy of accomplishment. A few weeks at the most, it was thought, were all that was necessary to gain for King William the prize he sought. How grievously the German commander has erred he may at the present time feel, but that he has done so we fear he would be unwilling to admit. During the very first stages of the late civil war in this country, we well recollect the cry of "On to Richmond." McClellan's disastrous campaign on the peninsula is too deeply engrained on the minds of the American people to be easily blotted from the memory. The capture of Richmond seemed much more easy than the taking of Paris. None of the formidable fortifications surrounded the Confederate capital which effectually guard Paris from attack from without. Yet Richmond was not taken until the resources of the rebellion were completely exhausted. Sherman's march to the sea, marching and fighting as he traversed the enemy's country, living off his opponent, away from his base of supplies and entirely severed from communication with the North, was an accomplishment the effect of which can only be measured by its danger. The operations from Fortress Monroe, Charleston, Beaufort and Savannah on the east, Mobile and New Orleans on the south, Nashville and those on the Mississippi in the east, effectually brought the rebellion to a close. The rebels were completely hemmed in and had to succumb.

Regarding the situation in France at the present time, we cannot avoid the belief that the war is not so nearly ended as many consider. A portion of France only has been overrun by the Germans. Troops are pouring into Cherbourg. At Bordeaux numbers of men are gathering and being drilled preparatory to entering the army. Throughout the South of France many camps of instruction are established, and the men so enrolled, now raw recruits, will in a short time be in a condition for operations in the field. Here is another evidence of the mistake of the German leaders in not sending an army into the country at a time when the organization of the republican forces was not so far advanced as it is now. All the French ports are still open. Not a single vessel of the navy of France has yet fallen into the enemy's hands. The armies of the republic are still in the field and daily increasing in number, and exist in every department throughout the nation. On the other hand, the bulk of the German army is outside the walls of Paris, unable to do anything but wait until the city surrenders by starvation. Prince Frederick Charles' army, instead of pushing right into the heart of France immediately after the capture of Metz and dispersing the camps then being formed, as Sherman pushed through the South, had to fly to the relief of Von der Tann before Orleans. Even then the Army of the Loire—a republican army, commanded by republican generals and raised almost in a few days—was almost a match for him. The truth of the matter is that the German armies in the vicinity of Orleans, commanded by the Red Prince, the Duke of Mecklenburg and General Von der Tann, have found in the raw levies of republican France a more determined enemy than the experienced soldiers of Napoleon. If the report proves true that the Army of Prince Frederick Charles has been severed, and that a union has been effected between the two wings of the Army of the Loire which had been separated, a bloody fight is imminent in the neighborhood of Tours, with the chances of victory not altogether unfavorable to the French.

Since the capitulation at Sedan little has been accomplished by the German armies to bring the war to a close. Paris has not yet fallen; but suppose it did succumb, it is by no means certain that the war would end. Paris is not France; and there is every probability that the war would continue, though the capital surrendered. Manteuffel's advance on Havre has proved so far barren of re-

sults; and, even if Havre were captured, of what avail would it be to the Germans with French war vessels in the harbor? The occupation of Tours has not worked injuriously to the French cause. The whole of Southern France is not yet thoroughly awake. No southern city has yet experienced the presence of the invaders; it may only need their presence to kindle a flame which they might find it impossible to quench. In the commencement of the war Moltke's strategy was eminently successful—successful because he was pitted against an army lacking the discipline of the one which he led; but he is now pitted against a whole people, who are animated with a new spirit, and that spirit a holy one. Every day adds strength to the French, while it weakens the Germans, and should the French adhere to the present tactics, at least for a while, of fighting in small detachments, harassing, worrying, tormenting their opponents, yet gathering strength, acquiring discipline and organizing fresh armies, they may yet be able to save France and permanently establish the republic. It is, however, a forlorn hope; but forlorn hopes are now having proved successful.

THE WAR SITUATION.—The news to-day is again highly encouraging for the French. The sorties of the 21st from Paris have expanded the lines all along the eastern side of the city to Neuilly-sur-Marne, Bourget and Groslay, a considerable distance beyond the line even of huge forts. The Army of the Loire has again united by the withdrawal of the Germans from Tours, and the French claim to have in turn cut off Prince Frederick Charles from his communications. The isolation of his army will be equivalent to its capture, for it is not likely that the Army of the Loire, with all its previous record of blunders, will permit him to escape if he is once cut away hopelessly from all communication with or help from his friends. Another Prussian column is said to be moving northward through Laon and La Fere, evidently to crush the new Army of the North before it is fully organized. General Faidherbe has hitherto shown himself quite vigilant and capable, and he can, no doubt, be trusted to take care of the new enemy that thus appears against him.

A Brief Armistice in Washington.

The two houses of Congress, desiring to share in the social festivities of the Christmas and New Year holidays, have adjourned over to the 4th of January. The interval may be considered an armistice between the republican belligerents on the St. Domingo and other questions. We fear, however, that it will not result in peace. From the intimate official relations required between the President and the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations it is contended by the President's friends that Sumner, a declared enemy, should be removed. There is much force in this argument; but there is much mischief foreshadowed in the proposition. Senator Sumner, however, in view of the fitness of things, and from every consideration of propriety, courtesy and expediency, ought to give up his position as the Senate's Chairman on Foreign Relations. The President, in our foreign affairs, acts "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate," and the Senate trusts this business mainly to the Chairman of its Foreign Affairs Committee. Mr. Sumner, therefore, as an enemy of the President on this committee, stands as a stumbling-block in the way of the administration, and he ought to retire. Lastly, after a reasonable time for consideration, if he will not give way or come to terms, he ought to be removed, and some member possessing the confidence of the President ought to be put in his place.

PERSIA AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS.—By a special correspondence from Ispahan we are enabled to present to our readers a magnificent pen-and-ink picture of Persia, a fine panorama of the ancient empire, a historical retrospect of its past glories and a topographical and social sketch of its appearance, industries and resources to-day. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the points of the letter. The communication is attractive from its opening sentence to the close. The HERALD special writer himself enumerates the different places which he describes, as well as the news points which he illustrates. He then proceeds to accomplish both works in a very graceful style.

THE SCIENCE OF RASCALITY has almost reached perfection. The shrewdness of the thief who pretended to rush out of a store after his horse, carrying his plunder with him and leaving a pocketbook full of worthless bills to quiet the clerks, is mere bungling compared with the professional skill of the rascal who alleged a check yesterday on a banking firm in this city. He missed his point only because the high figure he called for rendered an investigation necessary before the banker would pay it. Your rough bruiser has no longer any caste among professionals. It now requires a skilled and educated man to be a successful thief.

HAVING ABANDONED the negro agitation, the National Standard is now devoting its energies to the emancipation of the Indians from hungry speculators and disappointed ring operators at Washington. It announces that it has good authority for stating that there is a formidable combination among the opponents of the President's humane Indian policy, strengthened by military prejudice and jealousy, to embarrass and defeat it. If our whilom abolition agitator should succeed in his present object it will accomplish more practical good than it did by its advocacy of negro enfranchisement.

CHRISTMAS IN PARIS this year will be such a Christmas as Paris has not before experienced for many generations. To Europe without Paris this Christmas will be felt as the festival of Old King Cole, the jolly old soul, from which the king, and his pipe, and his bowl, and his fiddlers three, are unavoidably absent from circumstances beyond their control.

GENERAL VARONA's statement of his sufferings in Cuba, which we publish elsewhere, will give our people a vivid idea of the reign of terror that exists in some parts of the Faithful Isle. Notwithstanding the report that he had been captured and executed by guerrillas, the General is alive enough to tell his story as we give it to the public.

The Christmas Season and the Cry for Peace.

With the hallowed and touching festival which commemorates the Saviour's nativity at the door we are not surprised to find that while all thoughts here at home, among us, are turned to religious celebrations of the day, family gatherings and pleasant greetings, despatches and mails alike from the Old World incessantly betray the yearning, even of the fiercest belligerents there, for an honorable cessation of the miseries of war. The German press and private messages constantly received in our city by wire and post are full of this prevailing sentiment. Even the humorous papers of the German cities lay aside mere jesting for a moment to express this earnest, heartfelt wish. The Berlin *Kladderadatsch*, for instance, which is the ablest and most widely circulated comic paper in Germany, gives utterance to the weariness of war that is universally felt among its subscribers in a most lugubrious illustration, representing a couple of graves, each surmounted by a rude wooden crucifix. Upon one of the latter is the inscription, "Meyer, rifleman," and on the other, "Lemaire, Zouave." Other graves roughen the plain, which stretches away into the gloom. Over this funeral sketch are written the words "Friede! Friede!" (peace! peace!)

The text and the moral are self-evident. There sleep the gallant antagonists, side by side, in the desolate fields, and thousands upon thousands of their brethren moulder in almost every meadow from the Rhine to the Seine, while thousands more sink daily to rejoin them. Yet the resistance of France, far from being extinguished, is only gathering into fiercer flame, because the quarrel begun in July against aggression and between armies has become a scheme of conquest—a life and death struggle between two whole races. As the circular of the existing French government justly says, now that the empire and the regular forces of France have been cast down, the invaders are contending against armed citizens only who are defending their firesides, their property and their nationality, and so battling in a sacred cause.

Moreover, the struggle which was at first purely political, is gradually assuming that most terrible of all forms of human contention—religious warfare. The higher clergy of France, who held comparatively aloof from the conflict until very recently, are now urging their people to rise en masse and leave all things—the plough in the furrow, the wagon in the rut—and rush to the field of the nation's defence. The Bishop of Angers has called even the young students of theology to arms; Cardinal Donnet, archbishop of Bordeaux, has followed this example with soul-stirring exhortations, and the famous Dupanloup has uttered a summons that still rings throughout the Orleansais and Central France like a trumpet in the night. The Southern Departments, lukewarm or over-confident for months, are at last alive with mustered armies, while all Brittany and La Vendee echo to the fiery zeal of a crusade en masse. Yet, withal, this angry enthusiasm is more the pressure of a national life necessity than any real wish for combat. The people are sick of burning, pillage and bloodshed. When the damage sustained at Strasbourg alone in direct destruction of material is computed by even the Germans at twelve million dollars, what must not the aggregate of all kinds of loss be to the entire invaded east of France? Nor can we believe that in Germany, a far poorer and more frugal land than its great neighbor, the drain of blood, labor, treasure and material has not been sufficient to appall the saving Teutons, vastly increased as their burdens are by the enormous numbers of captured Frenchmen, whose necessities are added to those of their own sick and wounded soldiers.

Of the lamentation and bereavement among so domestic a people, so fondly attached to home and family ties and customs, who shall speak? The rudest German one may meet cannot talk of it without his voice choking and his eyes filling with tears. The German troops, officers and men alike, anticipated the close of the war soon after the victory at Sedan, or, at latest, after the surrender of Metz. They came across the Rhine to punish invasion and to vindicate their country's honor against Napoleonic dictation. Napoleon has fallen, his armies are gone and the republic—that is to say, the French people—only confronts them. The perils and uncertainties of the war are greater at the close of December than they were in the pleasant days of early autumn. Paris is not taken, the landwehr of Germany is all on the march, and behind but the landsturm remains, which, including the married men at home, is the last resource. Where are the merry Christmas greetings; the pride and joy of the returning soldier; the embraces of parent, wife and child; the rewards, the honor and the glory of the village scene?

No people on Earth so heartily enjoy or so fully celebrate, religiously and civilly, the hallowed Christmas season as do the Germans, both Protestant and Catholic. The delightful pens of William and Mary Howitt have described for us in English all their touching holiday legends, ceremonies and customs, some of which are embalmed in Hebel's exquisite poem of the "Christmas Tree" (Christbaum), and to these the memory of the half-starved, shivering soldier at the outpost, in a hostile land, turns with aching regret. Naturally peaceful, mirthful and domestic the German of the people soon tires of long and distant campaigns. His songs are far more of "Die Süsses Heimath" (sweet home) than of the blood-stained field, and now we may earnestly believe that at many a lonely bivouac the face of the weeping wife in her humble cottage far away, sighing for one who does not and may never come, while she presses her infant to her breast—*erster im Vaterlande*—blots out all the dreams of glory that the poor soldier once thought so bright.

Well may he long for the friendly roof and rest so distant, the gentle form of peace waving the olive branch beyond the Rhine, his own return greeted, honored and sung, and the garlands ribanded with white and black which even the hands of orphans will hold out to him.

What an anomaly of terms! What mockery of Christianity it seems that men should this night be mutually hurling agony and death upon thousands of defenceless homes, while choirs prepare to sing and consecrated

bells to glory the tones of the Christmas hymn: "Glory to God in the highest! Peace on Earth, good will to men!"

Count Bismarck and the House of Savoy.

From some correspondence which has just reached us by mail we learn that the government of the King of Prussia and the government of King Victor Emmanuel are not on the most friendly terms. Count Bismarck, who has been growing at Great Britain, at the United States, at the King of Holland, has not been wholly forgetful of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy. His letter to the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs is brimful of bitterness against the Italian government. He denounces them for violating the pledges they took when the present Franco-German war was about to break out. In the course of his letter he refers to the ambition of the House of Savoy in the following words:—"Very active agents are working in the Iberic Peninsula to gather supporters for the candidature of Prince Amadeus, of Savoy. His Majesty cannot be indifferent to the consent given by the Florence Cabinet to this candidature; for if in other times a Prussian influence in Spain could cause any fears for the European balance of power, the same peril might exist also with the Italian influence, especially as that influence is already established both in Portugal and in France, where the King of Italy has family connections." The sting is here. Count Bismarck, in these few sentences, reveals a spirit which may yet burst forth in a more alarming form. Bismarck does not like the idea of the House of Savoy dominating in the councils of Southern Europe. The King of Italy, after William of Prussia, is the most prosperous monarch of the hour. His son is now King of Spain; one daughter is Queen of Portugal; another daughter is wife of the most ambitious of the Bonapartes. It is quite manifest that Bismarck does not like to see so much power in one family. The letter was written, of course, before the Duke of Aosta accepted the Spanish crown. We know that in the interval Prussia has withdrawn all objections to the arrangement. It is not to be denied, however, with this letter before us, that if the war had come to a close as soon as Bismarck believed it would Prussia would have protested against the new King of Spain. The Spanish throne question is for the present so far settled; but it is not impossible that on some future day the jealousy entertained by Bismarck towards the House of Savoy may find more emphatic expression. If Italy and the Pope can agree and come to a settlement it will be the less easy for Bismarck to find an opportunity. If they cannot agree the astute German Chancellor will have no difficulty in finding a pretext for interference in the affairs of Southern Europe. As the champion of the Pope he may yet trouble the House of Savoy.

SUMNER DENOUNCED IN HIS OWN HOUSEHOLD.—The Boston *Advertiser*, which has been accounted a chief organ of the Massachusetts republicans, and the especial mouth-piece of Senator Sumner, says that gentleman's argument on the St. Domingo business will fall before the country as it did in the Senate, and adds this piece of mental philosophy on the subject:—

No man, however great he may be, however powerful may be his own claims to the confidence and affection of the country, is great enough to do serious harm to an administration which, by abundant merits of its own, holds the people to its support. It is therefore deeply to be regretted that Mr. Sumner, in declaring his well known objections to the acquisition of St. Domingo, felt obliged to leave his strong position and take another which must result in impairing his own public influence or in the humiliation of the President; for these are the only alternatives.

Where's Sumner now? But, more than that, where's his *confidante*, Motley? General Grant has cleverly hit two birds with one stone in this St. Domingo affair—demolished the objections to the withdrawal of Motley from England and established the correctness of his West India policy.

A TURKISH WAR AGAINST ARABIA.—The Sultan of Turkey has ordered a military expedition to Yemen, in Arabia, to operate against refractory and non-tributary Arabs. A cable telegram informs us that the force, which has already marched, numbers fifteen thousand men, and that reinforcements are to follow. The Turks have had a tendency for war in this direction for many years past. Its active fruition just at present is significant from the fact that the portion of Arabia which borders on the Red Sea embraces the valuable British settlement of Aden. How would it be if Turkey should strike a heavy blow against Arabia and round off the account of the British diplomacy towards the Treaty of Paris and Russia in the Black Sea by a stroke at Aden?

THE PHILADELPHIA *Press* says the news of the miners' strike in the coal regions must create no serious apprehensions, and adds that "the market is already well supplied, and a suspension of thirty or even sixty days would scarcely exhaust the present surplus." But, "apprehensions or no apprehensions," the fact that the price of coal has advanced in this market, with a prospect of its going up still further, stares consumers in the face and depletes their purses. There's where the shoe pinches.

SENATOR VANCE sets himself right. He says he will maintain all the legitimate results of the war, to the prosperity and honor of the whole country. What better republicanism can Sumner want than that—if he will only agree with Sumner as to the right method of doing it.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON finally fired off his oration on the Pilgrims last evening, and was not subjected to the burning process that threatened him on Wednesday, as it so often threatened two hundred years ago, the Salem witches, of whom he treated.

THE TAYLOR WILL CASE, in the Surrogate's Court, seems to be dragging its slow length along to a close. Four of the witnesses yesterday declared that the signature at the bottom of the will was not Mr. Taylor's handwriting.

THE LAWSUIT between the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and the Credit Mobilier of America, was decided at Harrisburg yesterday, the jury rendering a verdict against the Credit Mobilier of \$336,868 33, the full amount claimed.

REMEMBER, boys and girls, remember, the twenty-fifth of December.

The Central Park and the Proposed Zoological Garden—A Very Cool Operation Even for the Season.

A brace of "landscape architects," whose services have lately been dispensed with by the present Commission of the Central Park, appear determined to keep up a stereotyped advertisement in the daily papers by ventilating their anxiety lest the Commissioners should mar the beauty of the Park by the erection of "structural" edifices for a zoological garden on the meadow to the north of the new Reservoir.

Now, when it is recollected that the glaring defect of the lower Park is the great number of "structural" edifices which were designed by these same architects, and unfortunately adopted by the late Board, it seems to be a cool—a very cool operation, even at this cool season, that they should now undertake to denounce the intention which, we learn, the present Board has formed, to provide, at some future day, shelter for the animals in the fringe of the meadow of the upper Park, and to place the proposed zoological garden in that locality. This sudden admiration for the peaceful and quiet meadow unadorned with any "structural" edifices appears to evince a sudden sense of the simple beauties of nature, and some contrition, also, that so many and such costly structures had been built under their advice and inspection in the lower Park. We are inclined to think these gentlemen exhibit unnecessary alarm. We have evidence that the members of the present Board are lovers of nature, and have too much reason to deplore the number and style of the structures in the lower Park to prevent any imitation thereof on the upper Park. In the opinion of competent judges they are not likely to build a "Casino" of three small apartments at a cost of sixty thousand dollars; nor a "Dairy" (to be supplied with milk by the ordinary milkman from the transverse road) at a cost of fifty thousand dollars; nor an "artificial fountain" on the margin of a natural lake, costing fifty thousand dollars; nor an Eddystone lighthouse, called a "Belvedere," costing one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; nor a "Palaeozoic"—or bearing some other jaw-cracking name—museum, for the plastic anatomies of pre-Adamite and extinct animals, costing three hundred thousand dollars; nor gates to cost six hundred thousand dollars, nor fancy bridges of any kind.

We have no tokens as yet tending to show that the present Commission is not composed of gentlemen possessing good sense and respectable taste—that they do not devote themselves to their work with commendable zeal, and that their voluntary and gratuitous services will not compare unfavorably with the paid services of the old Commission.

The Central Park is the great beauty and ornament of the city. The work of rendering it still more ornamental must be continued from day to day and meet no obstruction from disappointed parties—no matter from what quarter they may spring—otherwise the labor of years and the city's expenditure of millions will come to naught and all the loveliness and magnificence of the great work become simply a byword and derision for posterity.

The Fechter-Wallack Imbrolio.

We give copious reports of interviews recently held by a HERALD special with the two great Thespian gladiators, Fechter and Wallack. It will, no doubt, astonish the public to learn from these plain statements what a great conflagration a little fire kindled. It is the old story of knocking the chip off a boy's shoulder, and, properly rendered, would make an amusing extravaganza. It seems that there was no fight or personal rencounter imminent during any part of the controversy, except that interpolated by Mr. Chanfrau in a new version of his celebrated character of "Mose." At the first there seems to have been an extremely amiable state of feeling existing between Mr. Fechter and Mr. Wallack. Fechter even went so far as to address Wallack by the tender appellation of "Old Boy" or "Old Fel"—or something of that sort—and Wallack, it might appear, would move an adjournment to Parker's or George Young's for more affectionate modes of fraternization. Birds and champagne corks might have flown in mingled gracefulness and harmony had not that little misunderstanding about the part of Don Salustio disturbed the placid waters of the two gentlemen's friendship. The billing and cooing might still have continued had not Mr. Fechter's name been "billed" too conspicuously on the theatre posters as a star of the first magnitude, when he considered himself only a manager of the second class. Now, what is the upshot of this whole theatrical rumpus? Mr. Fechter retires from the management of the theatre—the job being too heavy for him to "boss"—and Mr. Wallack stands ready to fulfil his contract with the proprietor of the establishment. We count out altogether Mrs. Chanfrau, who seems really to have had no particular part assigned her in the comedy. The whole affair might be reproduced under the title of "Much Ado About Nothing," with an afterpiece styled "All's Well That Ends Well."

The Investigation of the Building Murder.

The Coroner has taken in hand the task of investigating the cause of the murder of four persons by the fall of the building on Thirty-fifth street, on the 15th of this month, of which accident so painful a remembrance remains in the public mind. He has had ample time to procure all the witnesses necessary for a proper elucidation of the whole proceeding, and we think that in all probability the evidence will show that the building never should have been put up, and that Mr. McGregor, the Inspector of Buildings, did not perform his duty when he permitted the structure to be erected. As far as the evidence already taken goes we have the oath of the builder himself that he always thought the walls not thick enough for a building of this kind, which was eight stories high. He states, moreover, that the work was hastened on quite quick enough, consistent with the permanent safety of the walls; in other words, that it was put up too rapidly. He did not know whether the Inspector of Buildings was ever there or took any interest in the matter, although among the people living around, whose houses were crushed by this fearful disaster, the report was common that the building was liable to fall at any time.

Now, if it is not Mr. McGregor's duty to attend to such cases as this, and to give, as far as vigilance and the exercise of good judg-